

# Swingin' Utters, Glad

Some sang their songs  
like flying on uppers  
so sweet and smug  
that I lose my supper

some mumble psalms  
of solace and virtue  
hang by their palms  
and choke on the cud they chew

I'm glad we met  
So sad you left  
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour

Love songs are cheap  
and only get cheaper  
They prey on the meek  
Who only get Meeker  
Cliches sung by stars  
Looks so good on paper  
Each bar fed to you  
A communion wafer

I'm glad we met(so glad)  
So sad you left  
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour

Don't even think of being average  
Cuz you're so much more to me than edequate  
I'm hanging on to every word you speak  
I'll burn the torch until you come to me

I'm glad we met(so glad)  
So sad you left  
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour  
The time we spent(so glad)  
Was heaven sent  
Opened my eyes and stole my hours

glad we met 8x